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Judge

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MASHING.

Chorus of "would-be's"—"I've got my *eye* on you!"

Judge

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ALONG the way the thistle blows, likewise the golden-rod;
And while the crimson leaflet glows and all the sumachs nod,
It means, as every poet knows, that soon the soothing tod
Before the old brass dogs will beam and in the dancing light
'Twill make the future brightly gleam and put all care to flight,
And make us fancy all our dream a wild Arabian night.

* * *

EVEN AS THE INDIAN was crowded out and away to the plains to make room for civilization, it now looks as if the time may not be far off when the Adirondack guide and hunter will be compelled to vacate his territory, that it may be cut up into great parks and occupied by oil-kings, iron czars, breakfast-food emperors, coal mikados, and other arrogant specimens of high-priced commercial royalty. These porkers who own so great a portion of the Adirondack wilderness fancy that they have everything chained hard and fast for their own use, from the native trapper to the native bear and deer. They own the trees which the native must not cut down, and they own the air which the native must not breathe. After a while they may see fit to drive out the invalid and the railroad, and deny the night-prowling animals the privilege of giving vent to their various welkin-splitting bazoos. It is a question how long the natives, whose patience is worn about threadbare, will stand the tyranny and nonsense of these millionaire invaders with counter-jumping instincts. They (the natives) have threatened these park-owners with all sorts of treatment calculated to fill them with terror. It is to be trusted, however, that they will not take to shooting them like catamounts and skunks, on which, we believe, there is no game-law. The natives should see to it that a game-law be immediately put upon the Adirondack millionaire, and that it be so made and provided that the said millionaire may be shot from the first of June to the first of November. That would keep the bonnet baron in his shop during the summer season, and save him from indulging in the unpleasant reflection that in the bang of a rifle his real-estate holdings may be reduced from ten thousand acres to that insignificant parcel whose dimensions are six feet by two.

* * *

JUST AT PRESENT the siren of Democracy is extremely coy and bewitching in the eyes of her various suitors. Though gowned and hatted in the latest style, which serves as a background that ill befits one of her age and cork-screw curls, she capers and disports in the lightest and airiest manner possible. She is singing in her most fascinating fashion the ever-alluring song which has for its burden the Democratic nomination and its attendant greatness, such as it is. Every note of this empty, threadbare medley is eagerly absorbed by each member of the old guard of continuous candidates. Even the strident buzz-saw voice of the frisky one with the alligator skin, which is sadly in need of a coat of vaseline and a good sand-papering, is like softest music to the attending ears of these crafty listeners, who are held spell-bound by the tripping notes, which to them are syllables of gold. They all woo her with a fondness that is devotion itself. Peanut Hill and Cyclone Bryan are chewing the rag of gilt-edged hope and expectation, and Mr. Cleveland does not, to all intents and purposes, appear to be hurrying from the scene for the purpose of indulging his reigning weakness for duck-shooting. Olney, decorated with his finest bean-fed smile, has his hands over his ears like funnels, while Gorman looks as if about ready to fall on the ground, after the manner of the aborigine, to ascertain if there is anything of importance to be heard. The siren of Democracy has been wooed and won so many times that she should at this day have a line on the worth and merits of her wooers. In any event, her successful suitor, whoever he may be, of this variegated crowd will be entitled to congratulations, while the frisky siren in name, and the ancient squaw in fact, will be the recipient of much heartfelt sympathy from those long-headed people who believe that she will do better if she will but advertise for a champion in the morning papers.

ALL RIGHT.

CASEY—"Riley, ye owe me an apology—ye called me a liar."
RILEY—"Yure a liar—Oi didn't!"
CASEY—"Well, it's all roight, thin, an' ye don't owe me an apology."

INDIAN SUMMER.

WE KNOW 'tis Indian summer,
For now, on hill and dale,
Dame Nature dons her war-paint
And goes upon the trail.

Her stealthy, rustling footstep
Is borne upon the breeze,
And then we wake some morning
To find she scalps the trees.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

THE REASON.

THE girl who had applied for a situation as cook looked me in the eye as I asked the question. Then she shrank. Her lips moved as though she would speak, but she said not a word.

"Ah!" I exclaimed sagely, "so you shrink, do you? Then you need not make any answer. I reason from that that you will not wash."

Dejectedly I turn to the manager of the employment agency and ask him again to send me a good, strong girl who can cook, wash and iron for a family of eight.

STRICTLY HONEST ABOVE ALL.

WOMAN—"Land sakes! You ain't goin' away without splittin' some wood, be you, after all them nice vittles you ett up?"

POLITE STRANGER—"Lady, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to split some wood for you, but I am a kleptomaniac and am afraid I might steal your axe."

REVISED SHAKESPEARE.

"WE HAVE a large representation of the leading scientists in front to-night," said the stage-manager to the star. "Now, if you could work in something that would appeal to them it might be a good idea."

The star smiled, and later on, when he was spouting his lines in a telling manner, he brought the scientists up standing, and was forced to bow repeatedly when he spoke of finding "microbes in stones, bacilli in running brooks, and germs in everything."

THEIR NATURE.

Friend—"I presume you receive from time to time a good many anonymous letters criticising your actions on various questions?"

Statesman—"Well, some of them are anonymous, but a far greater number of them are unanimous."

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

"IT IS not so much what a thing is as what we think it is that influences us," I insisted earnestly, for I believed in looking on the bright side of things.

"True," replied the unsentimentalist. "Nothing adds so much to the bouquet of the wine as the right label on the bottle."

AS A MATTER OF PRECAUTION.

Stranger (overtaking native)—"Say, what's the matter here? Every house for the last ten miles is closed, and you're the first person I've seen. Got the plague here?"

Native (whipping up his horse)—"Nope. Autymobile race termorrer, an' we're gittin' out o' danger. Gedup!"

HEIGHT OF POPULARITY.

"Is his new song popular?"
"Popular? I should say so! There are over a dozen parodies on it already."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNA LAUGHLIN.

You'll never have to walk the ties
Neath summer or 'neath winter skies—
You'll travel in the train that flies.

The play enthusiast e'er sighs,
"You'll never have to walk the ties."
He deals with facts that naught belies.

As you're a first-class golden prize,
Whose star is ever on the rise,
You'll never have to walk the ties.

INCORRECT UNDERSTANDING.

"I UNDERSTAND that Blimber prides himself on being a self-made man," said Hojack.

"That's a mistaken idea," added Tomdik. "He's a wife-made man."

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

THE New Zealander was sketching the ruins of St. Paul's when a sturdy Briton approached.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the latter, "do you 'appen to know 'ow this 'appened?"

"Don't you know?" queried the New Zealander in some surprise.

"No, sir. The censorship is very strict just now, and of course all loyal subjects of his majesty are willing to wait patiently until the news leaks out; but I thought as 'ow you might 'ave 'eard something."

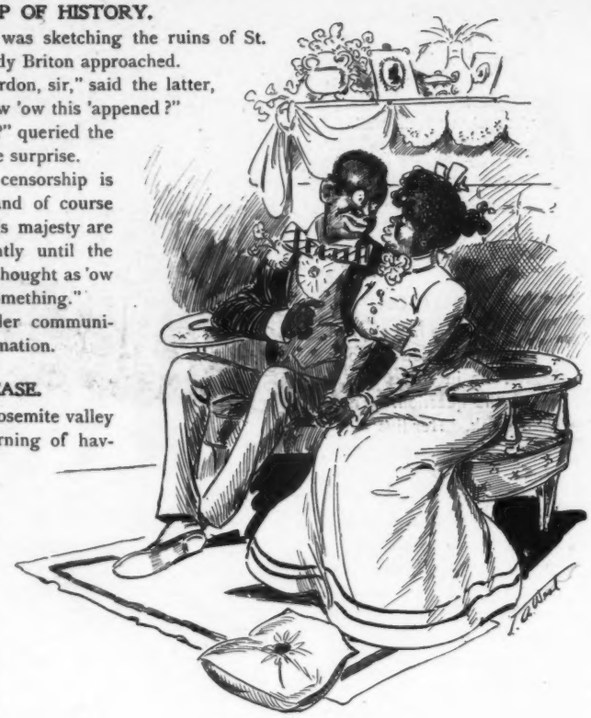
The New Zealander communicated the desired information.

HOPELESS CASE.

THE tourist in the Yosemite valley complains all morning of having a severe headache, as the result of too free indulgence in the cup which cheers and also inebriates the night before.

"Try a little of this, suh," suggests a fellow-tourist from Kentucky. "Down my way we always say that the hair of the dog will cyuoh the bite."

"I've tried that," moans the tourist; "I've tried that, but it doesn't help. I think I must have been bitten by one of these hairless dogs."



LOOKING FORWARD.

MISS JOHNSON—"But marriage is not all bread an' beer an' kisses, yo' know."

MR. JACKSON—"Suttinly not. I expec's ter git de poker occasionally."

NO ELEMENT OF CHANCE.

George—"I'm surprised that you have a lottery at your church-fair. Don't you know that gambling is a sin?"

Mabel—"Oh, but this isn't gambling. You can't possibly win anything."

AN OBSERVER.

PAT—"Shure, Guggenheimer's beer-tables look loike mahogany on top, but they're only pine undernathe."

MIKE—"How do ye know?"

PAT—"Shure, manny 's th' noight Oi've laid on me back benathe thim."

WANTED A CHANCE.

THE COUNT—"Ah, my dear lady, I luf you. Vill you not marry me?"
THE HEIRESS—"You are the fifth to-night, count. I'll have to consider it."
THE COUNT—"Ah, my dear lady, you vill at leasdt put me on the vaiting-list."

HIS FELICITY.

UPON my hat throughout the night
I wear a big electric light;
I also wear one on the shirt
By which I'm decently begirt.

Then I can see upon the ground
The robber that would not be found,
And up among the branches thick
The darkey who 'd corral the chick.

And so I swing my club in glee,
And feel I earn my sala-ree,
That keeps the gay and festive pot
A-boiling all the time red-hot.

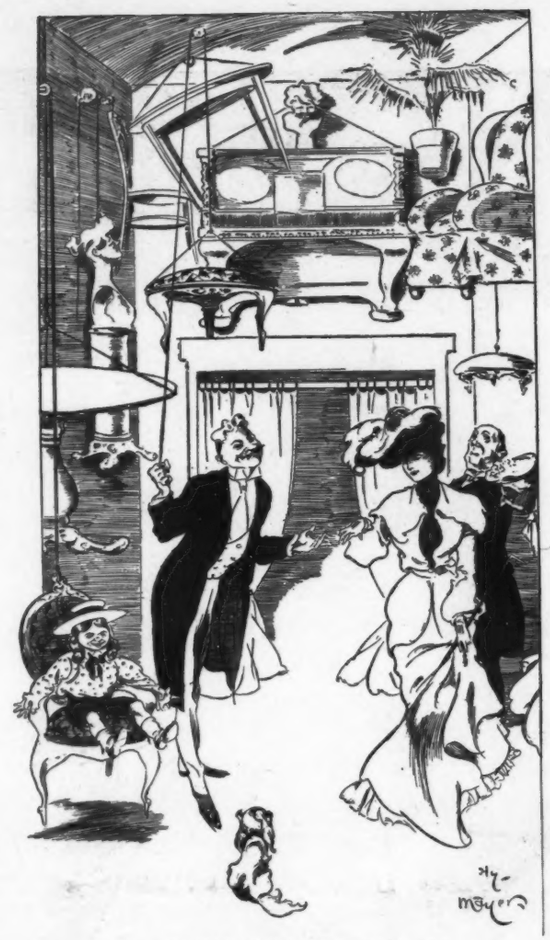
And that is why I gayly dance
And somersault, cart-wheel and prance,
And thank my stars, until I drop,
That I'm a howling country cop.

"DO YOU know," said Mrs. Darley to her husband, "that formaldehyde is used to preserve canned soup and oysters; that there is formaline in fish, milk and ice-cream, borax in beef, copper in green pease, benzoate-of-soda in corn, sodium sulphite in lima beans, boracic acid in beets, salicylic acid in preserves, and cuprum in tea?"

"No, I didn't know all that," replied Mr. Darley; "but it does seem as though there were some drugs in the market."

THE USUAL WAY.

"How much do you expect to spend for your wife's birthday present?"
"About half as much as I shall."



IN OUR MODERN FLATS.

MRS. FLATTE-HUNTER—"Mr. Dauber, why have you put your furniture up in that fashion?"
MR. DAUBER—"Well, you see, I have more room above the floor than I have on it; so when I want to use the furniture I just let it down."

THE REAL THING.

WE LISTEN in rapt attention while the successful novelist tells of his manner and method of composition. Especially are we interested in his exposition of the way in which his characters assume shape and form in his mind until at last they become living, breathing entities to him, and he feels a deep personal interest in their actions.

"And so all these kings and queens and princes and princesses of your stories are real people to you?" we murmur, with something of awe in our tone.

"Certainly," he responds. "To an author all royalties are the real thing."

ONE WIFE ENOUGH FOR HIM.

PAT—"Well, be gorry! Ol'm glad thot Ol'm not a Mormon."

THE JANITOR AGAIN.

THE tower of Babel was in a state of uproar.

"What's the matter?" inquired a visitor.

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the janitor. "Them's the people up stairs yelling for more heat."

When the true state of affairs was revealed, his countenance grew happy, for he knew that he would not be able to understand such complaints.

THE HAPPY DRUM-MAJOR.

HEN I the street along,
As stiff as starch,
Unto the wild ding-dong
Most proudly march,

I know the reason why
The ladies smile
And heave a wistful sigh
At all my style.

I am a very great
And pompous thing,
The while with vim elate
I swash and swing

The haughty drum-ma-jor,
Who is the bird
That swells and leaps before
The Twenty-third.

UTTERLY WORTHLESS.

JONES—"How much do you want for that dog?"
COLORED MAN—"Does yo' t'ink fo'teen cents would be too much, boss?"
JONES—"Yes. *Anything* would be too much if you want fourteen cents for him."

UNSISTERLY.

"AND you can only be a sister to me?" sighs the youth.

"That is all," softly says the fair young thing, who has tried to break it to him gently.

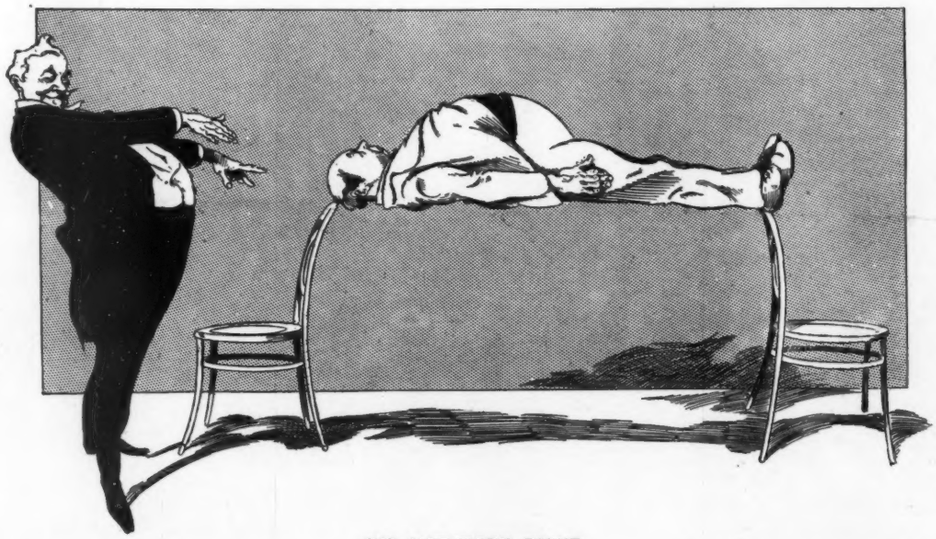
"Well, say, sister," he remarks, brightening up, "aren't you on pretty good terms with Flossie Moneypeck, that gorgeous blond creature?"

"We are bosom-friends. But why?" she asks with some curiosity.

"Well, if you are the right kind of a sister you will put in a lot of good words for me with her. I have always been pretty much interested in her, but I need some one to help the affair along."

Here the fair young thing begins weeping and accuses him of being a heartless wretch and a base deceiver, and says that she knew all along he did not care the least bit for her. After that it is easy.

Without diplomacy man is, to quote the classics, a two-spot.



DID NOT WORK RIGHT.

1. "With the aid of my mesmeric influence I put the subject into a hypnotic sleep, causing him to remain upon the backs of the chairs——

A BOY'S ENGLISH.

THE cream is bad, and that is why
Perhaps they whip it so.
The dumpling must be stingy, for
It always takes the dough.

The oyster 's out for trouble, too,
When it is up to you.
It's on the raw, and also fresh,
And often in a stew.

The steak you see is often tough,
As if it had done wrong.
The butter that has rank wins out
The battle for the strong.

F. H. BROOK.

FIERCE.

"THERE'S Gabbsey over in the corner with Popsey, telling him all about the smart things little Willie has been saying," remarks Migglebury.

"Yes; and just notice what an interest Popsey is taking in it," answers Fadoogus.

"I don't see how the man can stand it."

"Oh, he'll get his evens all right."

"How?"

"Why, didn't you know that Popsey has a set of triplets, and they are only beginning to talk, and they all three say bright things at once?"

CONSUHNIN' womern's yes er no
Dey's on'y dis ter say:
Aldough she said no yeste'day
She mout say yes ter-day.

2. ——in this position, as you can plainly see."

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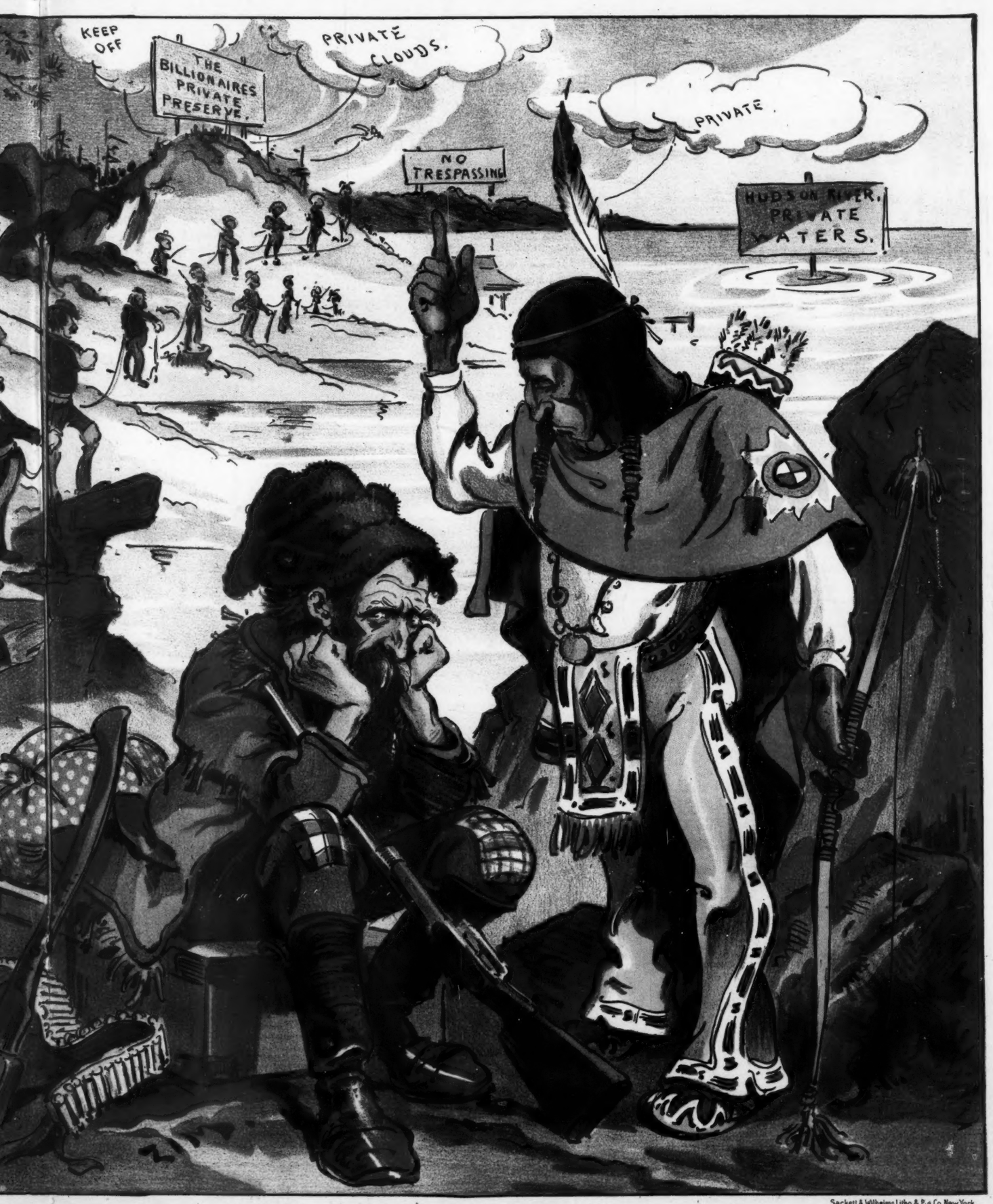
THE HAPPY HUN

AMERICAN INDIAN—"This domain is not for u



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HUNTING-GROUND.

not for us. We belong on a higher reservation."

SWEET-TOOTHED CYRIL.

I'M fond of sweets,
I'd have you know;
E'en pickled beets
Cause me to throw

A hand-spring that
Is very fine,
As doth the fat,
Big peach in wine.

The cherry red
And olive green
Make, be it said,
My mind serene.

Because to beat
The band, I trow,
I've naught but sweet
Teeth, don't you know.

THE WRONG SIMILE.

HE KNEELS at the feet of the heiress.

Now, in order to make plain what is to follow, let us state that the heiress weighs three hundred pounds. True love, however, we will concede for the sake of argument, knows no waist-lines. And no woman is ever so fat as her fortune. Therefore, to proceed, messieurs.

He kneels, as we have previously said, at the feet of the heiress.

"You are all the world to me!" he exclaims.

"What?" she pants. "You wretch! are you aware of the fact that the equator is the largest diameter of the world?"

In vain does he argue that the equator is an imaginary line. This only makes it worse.

Metaphorically, she sits down on him; metaphorically, he is crushed.

HIS ONLY HOPE.

MRS. FEEDEM—"So you used to be an actor? How did you happen to become a tramp?"
WEARY RATTLES—"Well, I got tired uv goin' hungry."

WHY HE FLED.

DEMOSTHENES was rehearsing at his home one of his most brilliant orations.

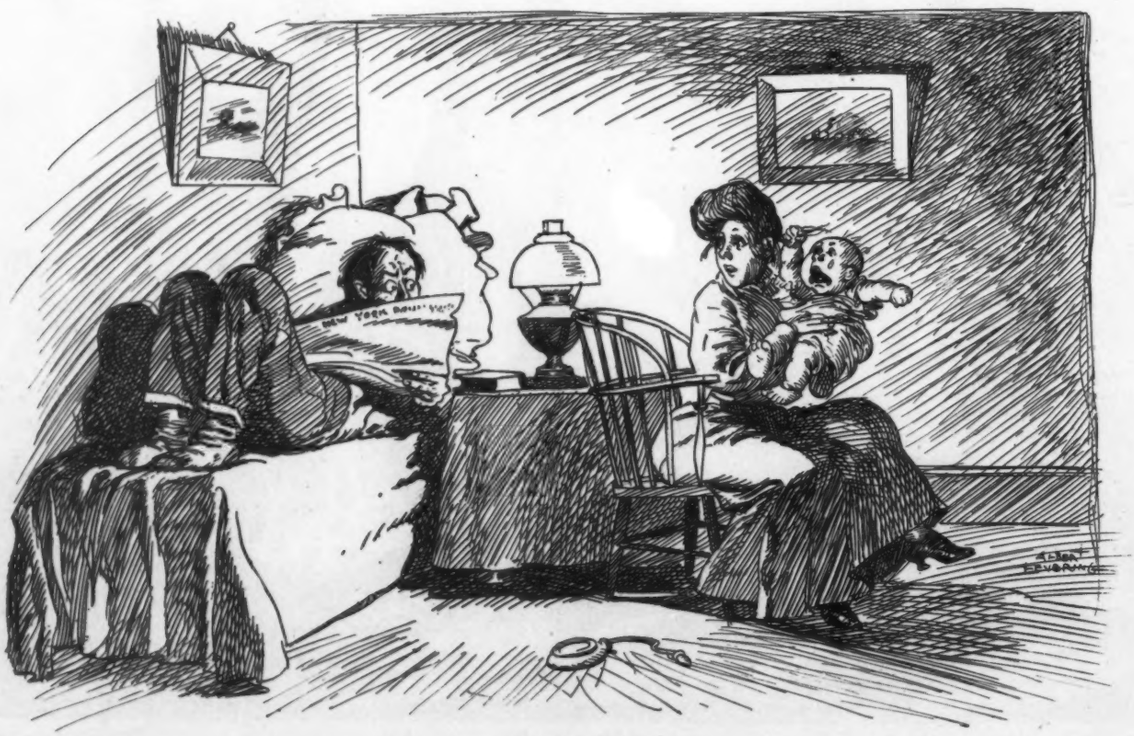
"Yes," said his wife; "that's very fine. Now, won't you just step out and discharge the cook?"

Suddenly remembering an engagement down town, he fled from the house with fear upon his face.

THE REAL EFFORT.

"IT IS very hard," says the girl with the new fall suit, "for a girl not to appear to be trying to attract attention."

"It is a great deal harder," asserts the girl with the red-trimmed hat, "for her to attract attention and give the appearance of not trying to make an effort to have it appear that she is not trying to attract attention."



HIS REASON.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"John, I think baby wants to go to sleep."
MR. NEWLYWED—"Then why don't he?"
MRS. NEWLYWED—"Well, I think perhaps he suspects that you would like to go to sleep, too."

"Have you ever shed real tears while acting?" asked the inquisitive girl.

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "I have felt like it sometimes, but I make it a rule never to let my box-office cares intrude on my art."—*Washington Star.*

Miss Reader—"How strange it would be if fashion should go back to the old-time brass knockers on front doors instead of electric bells."

Mr. Sardonique—"It would seem strange. The knockers always work."—*New York Weekly.*

Perfect digestion makes life enjoyable. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters make healthy stomachs.

"All here?" asked the host.

"I believe so," replied his wife.

"Very well," he said. Then, turning to the entertainer he had engaged for the evening, "Hurry up and be funny, now; we're waiting to laugh."—*Chicago Post.*

WHEN THE SYSTEM IS BELOW PAR try a little Angostura Bitters in sugar and water before meals. Get Dr. Siegert's, the only genuine.

"Oh, my!" murmured the fall overcoat, stirring uneasily in the clothes-chest, "I certainly did have a good nap."

"Which you ain't got it now," snickered the fat moth sitting on a camphor-ball nearby. "'Cause I ate most of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

He—"Life is simply one grand chase. If you are not among the pursuers you must be one of the pursued."

She—"Will you run with the hounds or fly with the deer?"

He—"I will fly with you, dear, if you please."—*Kansas City Journal.*

When your barber talks "Shampoo" specify

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

Antiseptic—Invigorating

The Standard for the Hair

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York

You don't have to send order direct Any dealer will supply it

WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
ARE THE BEST
BUY THEM.

"I met Kernel Kaintuck a month ago and he was dead drunk; and I just met him up the street, and he's drunk again."

"No, not 'again'; 'yet.'"—*Houston Post.*

Sapphedde—"Present me to Miss Peachley—there's a good fellow."

Buggins—"It's no use, old man. I've heard her say she wouldn't have you as a gift."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Don't be cross, cheer up on a cold bottle of Champagne, and let it be *Cook's Imperial Extra Day.*

Kwoter—"What's that old saying? 'Take care of the pennies and'——

Newitt—"And the dollars will take care of your heirs."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"We got ter git rid ob dat preacher ob ours," said Brother Williams.

"What he been doin' now?" asked an old deacon.

"W'y, he done gone en predicted de end ob de worl', des 'ez we gethered de crap en reached de 'possum season en got de fiddle gwine fer han's roun' in de dance!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SPOILED CHILDREN

USUALLY MAKE SICKLY MEN AND WOMEN.

The "spoiled" child usually makes a weak, sickly man or woman because such a youngster has its own way about diet and eats and drinks things that are unfitted for any stomach, and sickness results.

"I was always a delicate spoiled child and my parents used to let me drink coffee because I would cry for it,' says a Georgia young woman. "When I entered school my nervousness increased and my parents thought it was due to my going to school, so they took me out again. But I did not get any better and my headaches got worse and weakened me so that I was unfit for any duty. Sometimes I would go a whole day without any other nourishment than a cup of coffee.

"Last spring I had a bad attack of the Grippe and when I recovered I found that coffee nauseated me so I could not drink it and even a few swallows would cause a terrible burning in my stomach. It was at this time that a friend who had been much benefited by the use of Postum suggested that I try this food drink. I found it simply delicious and have used it ever since, and the results speak for themselves. I have gained 12 pounds and my nerves are as steady as any one's.

"I consider myself well and strong and I make it a point now to take a cup of Postum with a cracker or two as soon as I come home from school in the afternoon. Postum with crackers or a biscuit makes my luncheon. It certainly saved my life, for I know coffee would have killed me in time had I continued drinking it.

"I have a young girl friend, a stenographer, who declares nothing strengthens and refreshes her like Postum, and she has a little oil stove in her office and makes a cup of Postum at noontime. I have recommended this wonderful beverage to many of my friends who know what it has done for me." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Bobby—"Pop, did you know mamma very well before you married her?"

Henpeck—"No, I'm afraid not."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

Some sing the dainty little foot
That boasts a Spanish arch,
And in the ball-room captures hearts
The while it leads the march.

But here's in praise of that which wears
A number-thirteen sole;
That kicks the football high in air
And lands it at the goal.
—*New York Sun.*

"I would lay the world at your feet," said the extravagant youth.

"My dear sir," answered the haughty girl, "it is there already."—*Washington Star.*

"Why, Esmeralda, are you crazy? You turned your back on Colonel Welterdoo! And he was just beginning to be interested in you."

"Why should I encourage him, mamma? I heard you say the other day he was worth only a million"——

"A year, child—a year!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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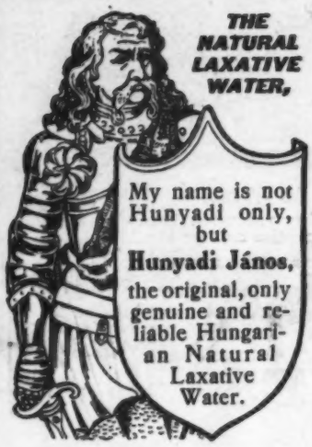
Hunyadi János



THE NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER,

My name is not Hunyadi only, but **Hunyadi János,** the original, only genuine and reliable Hungarian Natural Laxative Water.

IS ALWAYS RELIABLE FOR

CONSTIPATION

It removes and prevents Biliousness and Lazy Liver.

DIRECTIONS:—Drink half a glass on arising in the morning. Results are certain.

Johnny—"I asked Tom for the core of his apple, and he gave me the whole apple."

Mamma—"And what did you say to Tommy?"

Johnny—"I didn't say nothing, but I did the right thing. I gave him the core."—*Boston Transcript.*

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Delightful Autumn Outing

SHORT SEA TRIP No. 24

4 Days' Trip.—OLD POINT COMFORT, RICHMOND AND VIRGINIA BEACH.—Leave New York daily, except Thursday and Sunday, arrive Old Point Comfort following morning. Includes dinner at Hotel Chamberlin. Leave Old Point Comfort same day at 5.00 P. M., arrive at Norfolk 6.15 P. M. Leave Norfolk on new Steamers "Berkeley" or "Brandon" at 7.00 P. M., via James River, arrive Richmond following morning. Includes dinner at either Murphy's Hotel, The Lexington or New Ford's Hotel. Leave Richmond on new Steamers "Berkeley" or "Brandon" at 7.00 P. M., via James River, arrive Norfolk following morning. Includes railroad fare to and from Virginia Beach and dinner at Princess Anne Hotel. Leave Norfolk 7.00 P. M. same day, arrive New York following afternoon. - - - - - **$19.00**

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H. B. WALKER, *Vice-President & T. M.* — T. J. BROWN, *G. P. A.*

Helen—"Gertrude lay awake almost the whole night last night worrying."

Clifford—"What was she worrying about?"

Helen—"Oh, she's afraid the man she is going to marry may love her more for her money than for herself."

Clifford—"Why, Gertrude hasn't any money to speak of."

Helen—"I know; but she has a rich relative somewhere in the old country, and she thinks he may leave her something."

Clifford—"But does her fiancé know of this rich relative?"

Helen—"Oh, she hasn't any fiancé yet. She's thinking of the time when she will have one."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Sohmer & Co., the great Piano-makers, furnish every variety of instruments—square, upright and grand—and are constantly striving to meet every demand. Their success has been phenomenal.

"How old are you?" the school-teacher asked the new student.

"Six years old," lisped the little one.

"When were you six?" asked the teacher.

"The day our hired girl came," said the little one conclusively.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A health giver and a health preserver: Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.

The man—"Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?"

The woman—"Didn't you promise to endow me with all your worldly goods?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Has Elsie de Vynn ever been abroad?"

"I think so. Why do you ask?"

"She doesn't show foreign culture in her language."

"Doesn't she? Why, she always calls a gown a frock."—*Chicago Record Herald.*

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THE NAME CARL H. SCHULTZ ON ALL MINERAL WATERS IS A GUARANTEE OF ABSOLUTE PURITY

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MIXTURE.

"No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to descride its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out."

My Lady Nicotine.

"Mamma told me I must keep Mr. Huggard at a distance when we met him at the shore this summer," said Miss Koy.

"And did you?" asked Miss McQueery.

"Well, I usually succeed in keeping him at a distance from the other girls."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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That's All!

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He was 57; looked about 40, despite daily business cares and responsibilities innumerable, about which he refused to worry.

Why?

The future of his family was made secure, his own old age provided for by a policy in the

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The WHITE ROCK high ball has a smack of its own

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

THE PROGRESS OF EDUCATION.

FOND MOTHER—"Why are you so late, Ibsen? I've been quite anxious about you."

IBSEN—"No necessity for alarm, mother. My professor detained me for short period because he fancied I was slightly imperfect in my logarithms."

IF IT'S
Red Top Rye
IT'S RIGHT

Sam—"Mose Jackson doan' blebe det rabbit's foot brings good luck enny mo'."

Remus—"Why not?"

Sam—"Bekase de kernal's bull-dog bit away de berry pocket he was carryin' it in."—*Chicago News.*

A DIAMOND FOR $2.00

Send that amount in a letter and receive any one of the articles of jewelry here pictured. They are all heavy gold filled, warranted to wear for 15 years and set with brilliant

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Every stone warranted to retain its brilliancy forever.

Orders filled immediately upon receipt.

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WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS.

Now, just let me see:
Seems to me that 'twas she
Objected to something
That he did; or he
Objected to her having
Some one to tea—
No! Now isn't that queer?
I know I did hear
Just the way that it was,
But it's left me, I fear!

No! It comes to me now.
It seems this was the how
Of it: Something he did
That she wouldn't allow—
Or was it her old folks
That started the row?
No! now that isn't right,
I know that's not quite
The way that Miss Gadaround
Told me last night.

Ah! now I recall
The gossip and all.
It seems that one night
When he went there to call—
'Twas last spring, I think,
Or was it this fall?
Oh, well, any way,
What I started to say
Was that she—well!
My memory's awful to-day!

Now, how did she tell
Me that? Well, well, well, well!
You know she got her story
Right straight from Nell;
But I can't just recall now
Just what she did tell
Me last night. Any way,
Whichever it may
Be, the wedding is off, as
I started to say!

—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"I never did ride in one er dese automobiles," said Brother Dickey; "en what's mo', I ain't gwine ter. I wuz bo'n in hollerin' distance er de ox team, en though hit go slow, ef you only starts airly enough you'll git ter de cane grindin' en never miss de train. I never did hear er any oxens runnin' away wid folks; kase it takes 'em half a day ter make up dey minds ter go, en de yuther half ter wish dey hadn't never started!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Now must we sigh when daylight goes,
Now must we grieve when droops the rose;
Too near the hour—ah, sorrow's dole!—
When we must muse on high-priced coal.

—*The New Times.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

COLLEGE STUDENTS
are pretty good judges of "what's what," and usually manage to have about the best of everything. The fact that nine out of ten use Williams' Shaving Soap, is convincing evidence of its superiority.

Sold in Shaving Sticks and Shaving Tablets throughout the world.
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY

"Yes," he said, "I get my looks from my mother and my brains from my father."

"I'm sorry you told me this," she said.

"Why?"

"Because it gives me the impression that your parents were painfully lacking in generosity to their only child."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Talk about big jobs," said the cheerful idiot, while trying to look serious——

"Well," said the victim wearily.

"Wheeling West Virginia may be some and Lansing Michigan may be rather a big surgical undertaking; but Flushing Long island isn't such a tiny little sanitary stunt."—*Baltimore American.*

WE OFFER FOR SALE

A Limited Number of the Original
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At TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS Each

The captivating and bewitching originality displayed in the clever character impersonations of "SIS HOPKINS" is artistically portrayed in these sketches. :: :: :: :: ::

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Jim Jones'es Joke Book
What Si Perkins Saw
Joel Jarvis's Jay Jokes
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Ten cents each or forty cents for the greatest bunch of side-splitting joke books you ever saw. *They all have 'em!* Ask your newsdealer or newsboy on the train, or send direct to

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York

What is the baby's name? Indeed
We haven't one selected.
We're waiting till November comes
To see which man's elected.
—*New York Times.*

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soap does nothing but cleanse, it has no medical properties; for the color of health and health itself use Pears'. Give it time.

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IN DAYS LIKE THESE.

The leaves are falling on the lawn,
The glowing summer days are gone;
The lazy sun a later dawn
Each morning brings.

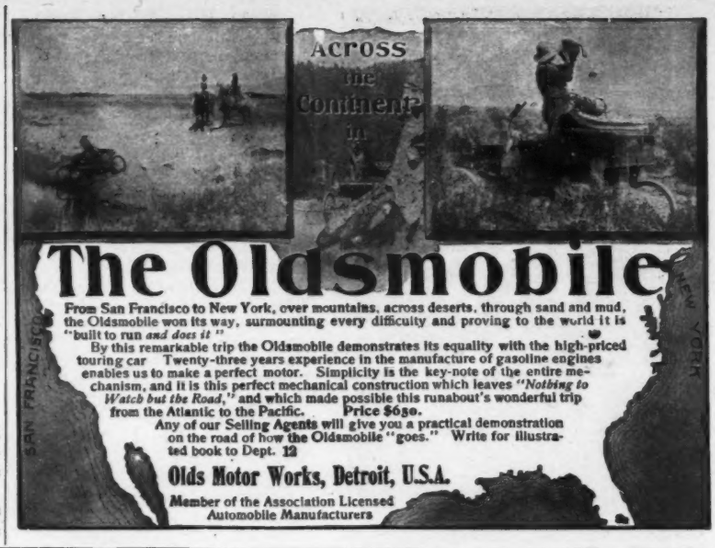
Now keener ears than ours have heard
Come from the north a warning word,
And with each morn some migrant bird
His farewell sings.

By chilling winds the boughs are whipped
And day by day are slowly stripped,
As leaves, in chrome and carmine dipped,
They downward shake.

The mower 's no more heard at dawn,
Grass-cutting, sprinkling days are gone;
The leaves are falling on the lawn—
Go get the rake!
—*Indianapolis (Ind.) News.*

"Were you sent here to kick against everything?" demanded the disgusted legislator of the objecting member from the country district.

"No; only against measures that the city wants," was the reply.—*Chicago Post.*



WHY IT WENT BACK.

HE—"I wonder why that beastly editor sent back that poem of mine?"
SHE—"Maybe you put something in that you should have left out."
HE—"What was that?"
SHE—"Stamps for return."

I. W. Harper Rye.

"On Every Tongue."

It reaches the spot and covers the case as no other whiskey can. Pure, delicate, rich and invigorating. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., - - Louisville, Ky.

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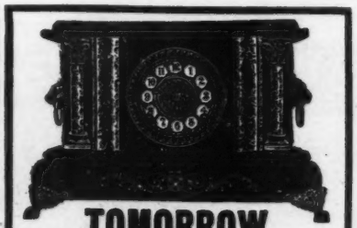
"The landlord forgot to charge me for the gallon of sea-water I swallowed while I was in bathing."—*Louisville Herald.*



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is not the time. Send **Today**, if you wish to obtain this beautiful bronze parlor clock **FREE**, an order for 20 lbs. of New Crop, 60c. Tea, or 20 lbs. Baking Powder, 45c. a lb., or an assorted order Teas and B. P., or 60 lbs. Bonnosa Coffee, 33c. a lb.

COUPONS, which can be exchanged for many **Magnificent Premiums**, given with every 25c. worth of Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Spices and Extracts.

Send today for our Premium List, prices and directions.

The Great American Tea Co., Box 290, 31-33 Vesey St., N.Y.

"No, my husband isn't at home," said Mrs. Houskeep. "He's out hunting, as usual."

"Indeed?" replied the neighbor. "After reed-birds?"

"Gracious, no! A cook."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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"*Gone, my darling. Sulphume and Sulphume Soap have taken them all away.*"

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is a chemical solution of Pure Sulphur, and when taken internally and applied as a lotion will cure dandruff or any skin disease; it is also a great hair invigorator. Price $1.

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stops itching and all skin irritations, softens and whitens the skin, and has no equal for the toilet or bath. Prices: Perfumed Soap, 25c a cake; Unperfumed, 15c a cake. Will mail trial cake upon receipt of price.

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is the perfection of soaps for shaving. It is a perfect antiseptic, prevents rash breaking out, cures and prevents all contagious skin diseases, gives a creamy lather and is soothing to the skin.

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Gotham—"Well, I eat hash at Mixum's restaurant."
Church—"Then you're a fool."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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De sun shine ober de hilltop
En light up de fiel' en town,
En dar li'l' Mis'ry Jinkins
Playin' wid Happiness Brown.

En dar li'l' Webfoot Williams
Friskin' de orchard roun',
En sweet li'l' Bowleg' Tomkins
Shakin' de apples down.

En yander Charity Hopeful
En Innocence Johnson sweet.
My! what a worl' ob sunshine!—
Chillun is hard ter beat.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The dying gladiator gnashed his teeth. "There might be some glory in it," he growled, "if it was in a football game."

Realizing the impossibility of kicking a goal, he compromised by kicking a Gaul, in the fight, before expiring.—*New York Sun.*

Bear—"It's funny that they call you a fur-tree."
Fir-tree—"Yes, rather odd; especially as I'm never bare."—*New York Times.*

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

IT'S COME TO PASS.
THE WALKING DELEGATE—"The sign on the dure says yure a painter."
THE ARTIST—"Well?"
THE WALKING DELEGATE—"Well, Oi want to see yer union car-rd."

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT).

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

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